

## JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

News and Gossip  
Of Capital Social  
Doings and Fads

Dear Susan:

It's been a jumble of a week—benefits, mostly war benefits, of course, clamoring in the name of the Christmas spirit; local charities, for the poor who are always with us, clamoring in the name of the Christmas spirit; the young people, home from school, clamoring for a LITTLE of the Christmas spirit and the old-time Christmas gaiety in their holiday; and the shops and the postoffice pleading in the name of the Christmas spirit, even up to the eleventh hour, "Shop early! Mail early!" And poor, overworked womanhood on the brink of nervous prostration from the effort to answer all these calls. Nobody seems to have time for anything. Why, the President and Mrs. Wilson didn't even have time to celebrate their second wedding anniversary last Tuesday. Colonel House was in town, just back from his European mission, and President Wilson put in most of the day in conference with him, escaping only long enough to join Mrs. Wilson at John McCreckin's Red Cross concert at the Belasco late in the afternoon.

## Will Try To Forget

## War During Holidays.

With casualty lists beginning to come in from France and a half million of our young men in training for overseas service, it is impossible to approach the holiday season with the light-heartedness of other years. However, the edict against entertaining bids fair to be lifted during the holidays, at least so far as the younger set is concerned. There seems to be a conspiracy in favor of putting war and tragedy out of mind, of "letting the war off" as it were, for the moment, and giving the young people a Christmas to remember.

It is apparent that there will be enough festivities for the youngsters to satisfy even the party-hungry heart of the "dapper." And such attractive girls as there are in this group of sub-debs—Mildred Brownell, Olive Graef, Mrs. George Burnett's two daughters, Lella and Anna Gordon; Edith and Kathleen Lester, Margaret Deele, Marcia Chapin, Ellen Bruce Lee, Cecilia McCallum and all the rest. And then there are all the belated debutantes to add their measure of gaiety to the Christmas program.

## Some Likely Events

## For Christmas Day.

Christmas day, with gifts and a stream of callers and church service in the morning and maybe a tea party or two is always a gala day, but Christmas night—after a voluminous Christmas dinner—is apt to be rather anti-climax. Consequently the annual Christmas ball at Rauscher's, for the benefit of the Children's Country Home, is regarded as a welcome diversion—and dancing serves better than soda mint as a preventive of indigestion.

This year tickets for the ball are a great demand, and it should be especially gay with lots of soldier and sailor aids among the guests. The ball is always the prettiest charity affair of the year, and why not, with so many young matrons among the organizers as Mrs. Joseph Lettier, Mrs. Henry Spencer, Mrs. James F. Fitchell, Mrs. McMillan Gibson, Mrs. Murray Cobb, Mrs. Fleming Newbold, Mrs. Clarke Waggoner, Mrs. Upshur Goodhead, Mrs. Reynolds Hill, and Mrs. Nathan Wyeth.

Another unusually interesting event on the Christmas program this year is the luncheon—or, perhaps, good old-fashioned mid-day dinner—would be a better term—which Mr. and Mrs. Brockinridge Long are giving for the Missions in Washington. There will be fifty or sixty guests, and the party promises to be very informal and jolly. The Longs are Missions, you know, their one being in St. Louis. The British ambassador and Lady Spring Rice will have their usual Christmas dinner or party for the members of the embassy staff.

President and Mrs. Wilson will celebrate Xmas Tree, Christmas at the White House this year will be marked by no celebration beyond a family dinner party and a



MRS. JOSEPH ALESHIRE.  
Who is spending the winter with Maj. Gen. and Mrs. James B. Aleshire, Captain Aleshire, their son, having been ordered to duty in Washington.

Christmas tree for little Ellen Wilson McKidoo and her small cousin, Francis Sayre and Ellen Axson Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre and their babies arrived yesterday from Cambridge for the holidays. Margaret Wilson, who has been giving song recitals through the South and West, making one-night stands, all same like a theatrical person and putting in weeks of hard work, is coming home for the holiday season, and can settle down to a well-earned rest secure in the knowledge that through her work a goodly sum has gone to swell the coffers of the Red Cross.

## Marshall to Observe Day With Celebration.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall are looking forward to Christmas with unwonted enthusiasm, for this year there's a youngster in the family to be made much of—and that's the boy of Christmas, any way. Clarence Ignatius Morrison, the baby boy they took under their wings last spring, has become a member of their family in good and regular standing and will hang up his stocking and have a Christmas tree of his very own. The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall don't normally adopt the boy, nor have they any intention of so doing; but his mother, who is unable to afford the kiddie the advantages that are his in his new home, has consented to his remaining with them indefinitely.

## How Cabinet Men Will Spend the Day.

The members of the Cabinet who are arranging Christmas celebrations are those who have young people in their families—and come to think of it that includes all save the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing, who are in deep mourning this Christmas. Two sons of the Secretary of the Treasury, who are in the navy, are expecting a Christmas furlough, and hope to be home to spend it with their small sisters, Sallie McAdoo, who, by the way, is growing up apace, and Ellen Wilson McKidoo. Jane Gregory is home after visiting in Texas for weeks, and her brothers, Thomas and Nalle Gregory, will be here for Christmas with the Attorney General and Mrs. Gregory.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. Baker have three children, to whom

Christmas is the great event of the year, and although the Burleson girls and Nancy Lane and her brother, Lieut. Franklin K. Lane, Jr., are grown or growing up, Christmas is always a great deal of a festival in the Burleson and Lane families.

## Secretary Daniels Plans Family Reunion.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels will have their four sons with them, with Mrs. Daniels' mother and sisters, Mrs. A. W. Bagley and the Misses Bagley, as the only other guests. I suspect their Christmas will be a memorable one, its jollity tempered by a solemn happiness and thanksgiving at the recent rescue of Lieut. Comdr. David Worth Bagley—who was almost a resurrection, for they had quite given him up for lost. The day following the loss of the Jacob Jones, when Mrs. Daniels' mother and sister, Mrs. A. W. Bagley, reached Washington, was Mrs. Bagley's birthday, and she says the happy day of her life. News of her boy's rescue had reached her in the small hours of the night before. With the day assurance of his safety was made doubly sure and all day the Daniels' house, where she was staying, was besieged with callers. Mrs. Bagley, who is a charming little lady and has made many friends in Washington, was literally showered with flowers, letters, telegrams and messages of congratulation and for days the Daniels family were kept busy answering kindly queries.

## Soldiers' Sons Coming To Visit.

But to return to our mittens—David Franklin Houston, Jr., U. S. N. R., is home from Harvard, where he returned "on call" to complete his course, and the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson hope to have at least one of their soldier sons with them to swell the family circle. The Secretary, who has been making an extended tour of the West, is en route East, and it is also hoped that he may reach Washington in time to have Christmas dinner with his family.

The Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Redfield are not making much of Christmas this year, as they are leaving so soon afterward for Cincinnati, where their son, Assistant Paymaster Humphrey Redfield, is to be married to Amy Cowing. The wedding is set for January 2.

## Owen Johnsons Leave Town Over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Johnson and the kiddies—they are Mr. Johnson's kiddies but adore their attractive new mother—are leaving town to spend Christmas at Boalsburg, Pa., the home of Mrs. Johnson's brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. Theodore Boal. There'll be something of a family reunion during the holiday season, for Captain Boal has but recently returned from France, where he was an eye witness of the battle of the Chemin des Dames.

Captain Boal's son, Pierre Boal, who is just past twenty-one, is serving in the American aviation corps in France, with, if you please, the rank of captain. Born of an American father and a French mother—Mrs. Boal was Mathilde de la Garde—the lad went to France as soon as he was old enough to join the French aviation corps, distinguishing himself mightily as a flyer. Then, when the United States got into the fight, he was transferred to the American flying corps, and is making an equally brilliant record in our service.

Between whiles he was back in this country on furlough, and it was in Washington that he and his father met on his return. Captain Boal, who had been on the Mexican border for months in command of a machine gun company. He had done good work and was reasonably pleased with his achievement, but it was highly amusing to see the face of his son, fresh from the battlefield of France, when he had anything to say about the mimic warfare on the border.

Mrs. Johnson, who before her marriage was less than a year ago was Cecilia de la Garde, is one of the most attractive of the newcomers to Washington, and, of course, we are all interested in Owen Johnson. I wonder if he has a book about Washington in wartime in the process of writing. The Johnsons



MR. AND MRS. DUNBAR BURCHELL ADAMS.  
Whose marriage was one of the most brilliant of this war-time season. Mrs. Adams was Miss Edith Temple Gracie.

sons, you know, have a house in Edgemore for the winter.

## Suffragists Are Still In Washington.

The suffragists are still numerous with us, though their conventions are over, and they are supposed to have returned whence they came. They swarm at the Capitol, and will probably continue to do so until their amendment comes to a vote on January 11. And though they cannot swarm at the White House, they lay siege to the President in a hundred different ways. Any who can find an excuse for seeking and gaining an interview with him on any subject, ask him before he escapes them. "Lieutenant, what will you do for suffrage?" He said a year ago that he would receive no more delegations who wanted to talk about the Federal amendment to him.

But he has—scores of them. The Arkansas delegation to the recent convention had no lobbying to do, for the entire Arkansas representation in Congress is with them; so they persuaded Congressman Jacobway to take them up and chaplain a call on the President—and immediately asked him to use his influence for the Federal amendment. It's dollars to doughnuts that dozens of women have asked Colonel House to persuade the President to come out for the Federal amendment. I know that they have asked every man who was supposed to be at all close to the President, and every delegation of men who had business with the President, and the Secretary of Labor have won an appointment. I heard some of them pleading with Herbert Hoover, William, all of President Wilson's down, and they're too darned attractive. And they are a good-looking, well-dressed lot.

Mrs. Newton Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, has been about the busiest of the official women of late, the suffragists keeping her pretty well on the go. She's in quite the most active suffragist of the Cabinet, and the others being for the most part merely "friendly indifference." Mrs. Marshall twists that to indifferent friendly for while not actively hostile, she has said frankly that she is not in the least interested in suffrage, and Mrs. Lansing is equally frankly "of the opposition."

## Mrs. Baker Confirmed Suffragist.

But Mrs. Baker is an out-and-out suffragist. She went up to the Capitol with members of the Ohio delegation to the recent convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and argued with the gentleman of the Ohio Congressional delegation, who had gathered in Senator Harding's office to meet them. She sang at one of the evening sessions of the official women of late, and at a final mass meeting Sunday afternoon, and she entertained the delegates from Ohio at tea, and had one of them as a house guest during the convention.

Mrs. Houston always shows her suffrage colors, and so does Mrs. McKidoo. Indeed, the latter was on the platform at one of the evening sessions of the National Woman's Suffrage Association's convention. Mrs. McKidoo was beside her—as usual, very devoted, also as usual. In fact, while I wouldn't like to say that they "holding hands" still, I wouldn't put it past them. The bromide about all the world loving a lover, is literally true in their case anyhow. They are about the most popular couple in the Cabinet. Everybody likes them, and likes to see them together. No, NOT because she was Eleanor Wilson, and is the President's daughter—not at all. In fact she is more popular today than she was as Eleanor Wilson—and deservedly so. She is a whole lot more attractive.

She is now ready to "grow a little bit" because she is a real sure enough citizen.

## Major Grand Going Home for Christmas.

Major Gordon Grand, who is on duty with one of the sundry divisions of the ordnance department scattered all over Washington, will spend Christmas with his family at their home on Long Island. He has an apartment at Stoneleigh Court, and Mrs. Grand comes down to join him frequently, but she has not yet made up her mind to take up her permanent residence in Washington.

## Duchess Is Beautiful Woman With Sweet Voice.

The duchess is a beautiful young woman, who sings with admirable method and style and has a fresh, young voice, the timbre of which is a delight to the ear. The Duke de Richelieu speaks excellent and fluent English, much purer than most of us use, and his enunciation is so clear that his very slight accent merely serves to add a piquant charm to his delivery.

His plea that Americans, who have succeeded marvelously well in checking the ravages of tuberculosis in this country, send over and finance visiting nurses, specialists in the care of this plague, and help to carry on in France an anti-tuberculosis campaign has been carried on here, is particularly timely just now when our own American boys are going into the trenches befouled by this dread disease. Then, too, what better way can we find of paying our great debt to France?

The sudden call to arms, the consequent waiving of careful physical examination, the conditions under which the first fighting of the war was done, the fact that the French had been brought up to closed windows and doors—the average Continental still abhors fresh air, especially night air—combined to work havoc until 150,000 men in the army were invalided home with tuberculosis. Contagion has spread until it is estimated that there are today 700,000 tuberculous persons in France, and Dr. Carrell is authority for the estimate, that should the war continue for six months longer, there would be 1,000,000 cases of tuberculosis in France out of a population of 40,000,000.

## Bradley Lend House For Showing of War Films.

During the last week we in Washington had an opportunity to come to the aid of our sister republic in another way, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley lending their house for an extraordinarily interesting view of color photographs of French battle fields for the benefit of the "Reformers No. 2," the crippled soldiers of France. One of the smartest audiences I have seen this season came to see the show, and the rapid fire French, which was heard on all sides, punctuated by an occasional word of Spanish or German, gave evidence of how companion this society of ours is becoming.

## Duke and Duchess de Richelieu Are Presented.

The portals of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley's great home in Philadelphia were recently thrown open to their many friends bidden to meet the Duke and Duchess de Richelieu, who had come on invitation of the hospitable host and hostess to seek to interest Philadelphia in the work for the tuberculous soldiers of France to which they are devoting the greater part of their time.

## XMAS FLOWERS

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MISS JEAN JERVEY.  
Daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. P. Jervey, U. S. A., whose engagement to Lieut. Alexander Shepherd Quintard, U. S. A., has just been announced.

Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, Washington has also had opportunity on several occasions to hear her sing, but I'm wondering just how much Washingtonians know about the work this interesting young couple have been carrying on under auspices of the French war relief committee. In New York, in Baltimore, and now in Philadelphia, the two of them appeared repeatedly before fashionable audiences, the Duchess de Richelieu giving song recitals—mostly French songs—and M. de Richelieu making an earnest and stirring appeal for assistance in stamping out the white plague in France.

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ancient civilizations. There's scarcely a corner "East of Bux" that he doesn't know, and he has all manner of scientific literature to his credit. He was made a chevalier of the legion of honor when he was but thirty-one years old for some of his explorations, excavations, or scientific discoveries. His visit in Washington was all too short, and I wish you might have heard his greeting to the audience on Tuesday night. He said but a few words, but his French was so sonorous and good to hear.

John Barrett delivered the explanatory lecture—and it was a perfectly good lecture, and a very nice party, but—one did miss Capt. Andre Tardieu. A French soldier captivated without Captain Tardieu seems rather a Hamlet's "Hamlet" in Washington nowadays. And, remembering that he had counted on being in Washington at Christmas time, one wondered whether the reports of his death and his return in Paris just recently are not perhaps—just camouflage! It is quite on the cards that we shall on a sudden find him once more among us, and he is sure of a warm welcome.

Just about as average, except that it was not at the Edson Bradley's, but served as a Christmas party for the fine new ballroom at 2400 Sixteenth Street, was the showing of Italian pictures on Monday night. "Italy in the Clouds and on the Paves" brought out a fashionable attendance and the fact that Signor Falorsi has lost two brothers in the fighting gave poignant meaning to the pictures, which he accompanied the wonderful vivid pictures of his countrymen fighting high in the Alps, performing miracles, achieving the impossible.

Other benefits were splendidly patronized during the week, notably the concert on Thursday for the Red Cross Christmas tree fund, and the very excellent "home talent" as the Motet Choral Society and its distinguished director, Otto Torrey Simon, getting a regular send-off. The voices are good and well trained. Mr. Simon gets some excellent effects and the accompanying tableaux were most artistic—I heard a dozen people remark on what a beautiful angel Kathryn Hitchcock made, and the other scenes were equally effective. There was, however, in my opinion, a bit too much of the solemn oratorio music—"moratorium music" some one called it, and I think they hit the nail on the head. Of course, Mrs. Wilson helped to make the benefit a success and the horseshoe of boxes at the Belasco was banked with notables.

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